



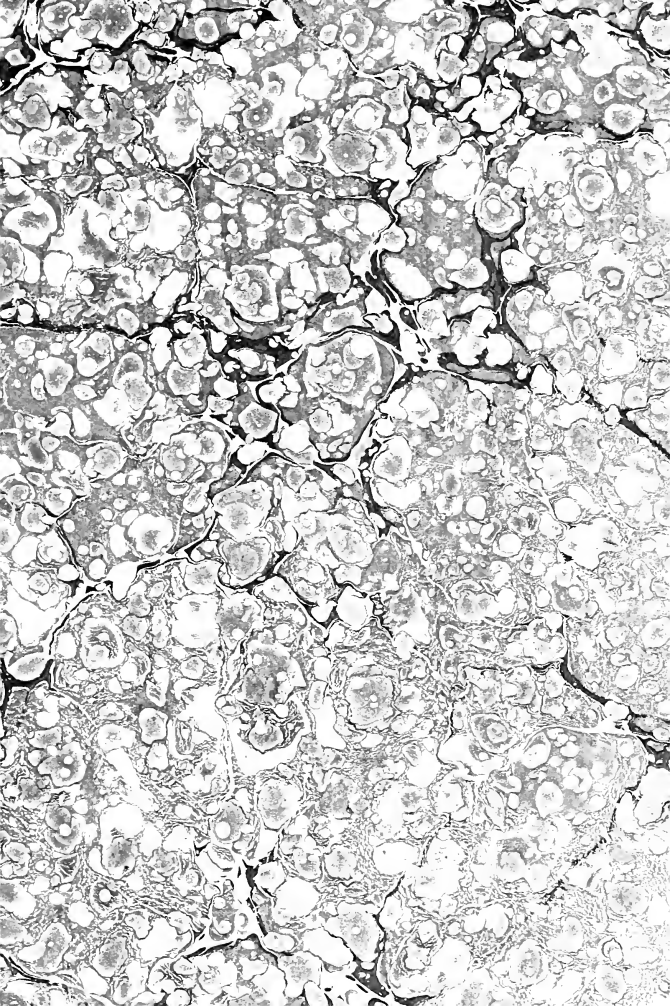
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BREITMANN AS AN UHLAN.

Breitmann as an Uhlán.

By CHARLES G. LELAND.




LONDON:
TRÜBNER & CO., 60 PATERNOSTER ROW.

1871

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

HE readers of more than one English newspaper will recall that the idea of representing Breitmann as an Uhlan, scouting over France, and frequently laying houses and even cities under heavy contribution, has occurred to very many of "Our Own." A spirited correspondent of the *Telegraph*, and others of literary fame, have familiarly referred to the Uhlan as Breitmann, indicating that the German-American free-lance has grown into a type; and more than one newspaper, anticipating

this volume, has published Anglo-German poems referring to Hans Breitmann and the Prussian-French war. It is, therefore, not remarkable that I should have written the following little book, which I sincerely trust may find as favourable a reception as did its predecessors in the same *genre*.

It is needless, perhaps, to say, that I no more intend to ridicule or satirise the German cause, or the German method of making war, in these poems, than I did those of the American Union, when I first introduced Breitmann as a "bummer" plundering the South. Every army has its unscrupulous stragglers and marauding scouts, whose adventures form good subjects for story and song.


I would state, in conclusion, that the poems in this volume form only a small portion of the series of those devoted to depicting *Hans*

Breitmann in Europe, which will shortly be published by Mr Trübner, in a complete and collected edition of *all* the Breitmann Ballads which have ever been written. This collection will be about six times larger than the single little volume entitled "Hans Breitmann's Party, and other Ballads, first published," and will contain not only that, and Breitmann's "Church," "Christmas," and "Politician" volumes, but, as I have already intimated, a considerable number of lyrics describing his adventures on this side of the Atlantic.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

BRIGHTON, *Dec.* 17, 1870.

EXTRACT from a Letter of the Special Correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph," August 29, 1870.

HE Prussian Uhlan of 1870 seems destined to fill in French legendary chronicle the place which, during the invasions of 1814-15, was occupied by the Cossack. He is a great traveller. Nancy, Bar-le-Duc, Commercy, Rheims, Châlons, St Dizier, Chaumont, have all heard of him. The Uhlan makes himself quite at home, and drops in, entirely in a friendly way, on mayors and corporations, asking not only himself to dinner, but an indefinite number of additional Uhlans, who, he says, may be expected

hourly. The Uhlan wears a blue uniform turned up with yellow, and to the end of his lance is affixed a streamer intimately resembling a very dirty white pocket-handkerchief. Sometimes he hunts in couples, sometimes he goes in threes, and sometimes in fives. When he lights upon a village, he holds it to ransom; when he comes upon a city, he captures it, making it literally the prisoner of his bow and his spear. A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* once drove the people of Lancashire to madness by declaring that, in the Rebellion of 1745, Manchester "was taken by a Scots sergeant and a wench;" but it is a notorious fact that Nancy submitted without a murmur to five Uhlans, and that Bar-le-Duc was occupied by two. When the Uhlan arrives in a conquered city, he visits the mayor, and makes his usual inordinate demands for meat, drink,

and cigars. If his demands are acceded to, he accepts everything with a grin. If he is refused, he remarks, likewise with a grin, that he will come again to-morrow with three thousand light horsemen, and he gallops away; but in many cases he does not return. The secret of the fellow's success lies mainly in his unblushing impudence, his easy mendacity, and that intimate knowledge of every highway and byway of the country which, thanks to the military organisation of the Prussian army, he has acquired in the regimental school. He gives himself out to be the precursor of an imminently advancing army, when, after all, he is only a boldly adventurous free-lance, who has ridden thirty miles across country on the chance of picking up something in the way of information or victuals. Only one more touch is needed to complete the portrait

of the Uhlan. His veritable name would seem to be Hans Breitmann, and his vocation that of a "bummer;" and Breitmann, we learn from the preface to Mr Leland's wonderful ballad, had a prototype in a regiment of Pennsylvanian cavalry by the name of Jost, whose proficiency in "bumming," otherwise "looting," in swearing, fighting, and drinking lager beer, raised him to a pitch of glory on the Federal side which excited at once the envy and the admiration of the boldest bushwhackers and the gauntest guerillas in the Confederate host.

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BREITMANN AS AN UHLAN.

I.

THE VISION.

“Dere vas vonce oopon a dimes a Frantchman who asket if a Sherman could hafe *esprit*. Allowin for his pad shbellin, de reater will find dat der Herr Breitmann was hafe a *sprue* goot many dimes. You gant ged rount de Dootch.”—FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER.

 OTTS blitz ! blau Feuer, potz bomben
Tod !

Vot shimmers in de mitnacht roth ?

Like hell-shtrom boorst o'er heafen's plain,

Trowin dead light on eart acain :—

Ja !—wide im nord om Odin shtone

Lies a shiant form im glare alone,

Troonk py de eis-kalt roarin shdream
 Der Hans ish hafe ein wunder tream.
 Troonk om haunted Odinstein
 Im Hexenlicht und Elfenschein
 Where bloody Druids omens trew
 From grin und screech of shaps dey slew,
 Or where der Norseman long of yore
 Vas carven eagles on de shore,
 As o'er him yell de Valkyr broot
 Und crows valk round knee teep im ploom,
 While rabens schkreem o'er ruddy bay ;
 Dere—ten pottles troonk—Hans Breitmann
 lay.

Fast und rof der war-man shnore
 Like de hammer-shlog of Thor,
 Schnell ash Mjöllner's bang und beat
 Heaved de form from het to veet,

While apofe him in de shkies
 Dere he saw a glorie rise,
 Und im mittle von it all
 De iron lords of crate Valhall.

Long he gaze mit wölfen glare
 At de Aesir in de air,
 Long mit schneerin bären grin
 He toorn his nase auf und hin
 (For ne'er a Sherman—tam de otts—
 Vas efer yet gife in to Gotts),
 Dill avery Aes owned oop dat he
 A gott-like man of brass moost pe.

Shtern der Breitmann raise his het,
 To his fader Gotts he set :
 “Let your worts of wisehood shlip ;
 Rush your runes, und let 'em rip !

For you de gotts hafe efer pe
 Of dose who vere ash gotts to me :—
 Alt Thor der Thören here pelow—
 Vot hell you vants,* I'd like to know ?”

Antworded ash de donner clangs,
 Der fader of de iron bangs :
 “De gotts will let de hell dogs go,
 Und raise damnation here pelow ;
 Until de sassy Frenchmen schmell
 De rifers ten dat roon troo hell.
 To telle dis I comme dence,
 Dou lord of lion impudence.

“Drafeller ! I know dee vell !
 Breitmann improturbable !

* Dese outpressions ish not to pe angeseen py any pedies
 ash *schwearin*, boot ash inderesdin Norse or Sherman
 idioms. Goot many refiewers vot refiewsed to admire soosh

When on cart I hat my shy,
 Breitmann of dat age vas I.
 I swear py Thor! so crate und gay,
 I smashed de Jötuns in my tay,
 Und dow shall pe ge writ sooplime
 Ash de crate *Thor* of deiner time.

“Now ve lets de eagles vly
 Skreemin troo de vlamín shky,
Our own specials:—dare nod laugh;
 For in de London *Telegraph*,
 A voondrous poy vot make oos shdare,
 For hop vhat may, he’s *always dere!*
 Vill dell de worlt, troo blut and flame,
Hans Breitmann ist der Uhlan’s name.

derms in de earlier editions ish politelich requestet to braise dem in future nodices from a transcendental philological stand-point.—FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER.

“ Und all dou e’er on eart has done,
 From oop gang oontil settin sun,
 Vill pe ash nix—I schvear py Thor !
 To vat dou ’lt do in dieser war ;
 Plazin roofs und mordered men,
 Hell set loose on eart again ;
 Rush und ride in shtorm und float.
 Cannon roarin, pools of bloot ;
 Deutschland mad in fool career,
 Led py dy Uhlanan spear.
 Hell’s harfest—sheafs of fictorie,
 Reaped mit deat’s sword und reapt by dee !

“ Ja ! On many a dorf und disch,
 Dou shalt pring a requisish ; *

* *Requisish*. An abbreviation of the word *requisition*, which Breitmann had heard during the War of Emancipation. I once heard this cant term used in a droll manner,

Dwendy dimes de Fräntscher men
 Hafe sporned dy land in blut acain—
 All dose dwenty dimes in von,
 Py Deutschland shall to France pe done,
 Und dwenty dimes in blut and wein
 Shalst dou refenge de Palatine.

“Go !—mit shpeer und fiery muth !
 Go !—mit durst for bier und blut !
 Go !—mit lofe for Vaterland,
 Into burning fury fanned :

about the end of the war, by a little girl, six years old, the daughter of a quartermaster. She had “confiscated,” or “foraged,” or “skirmished,” as it was indifferently called, a toy whip belonging to her little brother of four years, who was clamorously demanding its return. “I cannot let you have the whip,” said she, gravely, “as I need it for military purposes ; but I can give you a requisish for it on my papa, who will give you an order on the United States Government.”—
 C. G. L.

Towns und hen-roosts shall hafe shown
 Where der Uhlan ist peen gone,
 Und cocks vill roon und men crow tame
 To hear of der Uhlanen name."

Der fision fadet in de shky,
 Und hours vent on und time goed py.
 Vot heardest dou Napolium !
 De rumpitty, rumpitty, rumpitty poom !
 Ven you hear de sound of de droom,
 Oh denn you know dat de Dootch hafe coom,
 De treadful roarin Dootch mit de droom
 Und de roompitty, pumpitty, poompity pum !
 De wild ferocious Dootch on a bum
 Mit cannon roar und pattle hum,
 Mit fee und faw on de foe und fum !
 Led py de awful Breitemum !
 Bitty boom !! BOOM !!

II.

BREITMANN IN A BALLOON.



HO vas efer hear soosh voonders,
Holy breest or virshin nonn?
As pefelled de Coptain Breitmann,
Vhen he hoont an air-ballon.
Der Bizzy * und der Dizzy,†
Mit Lothairingen und Lothair,
Vas nodings to dis Deutscher,
Who vent kitin troo de air.

* Bismarck.

† Disraeli.

Id was in yar Nofember,
 In eighdeen sefendee,
 Der Breitmann vent a prowlin,
 By monden light vent he.
 In fillages deserted
 He hear de Uhu moan ;
 For you always hear der Uhu †
 Where der Uhu-lan ish gone.

Alone *allonsed* * der Uhlan,
 Boot nodings could he find
 Safe whitey clouds a drivin
 In moonshine fore de wind.
 Boot ash he see dese cloudins
 He bemark dat *von* was round,

* *Allons*. Uhlan slang for *go* or *went*, as in America, they use the Spanish word *vamos* to express every person in every sense of the verb *to go*. Pronounce *allon'd*.

† *Uhu*. An owl—the bird of kn-*owl*-edge.

Und inshtead of goin oopwarts
 It kep risin towards de ground.

“ Oh, vot ish dis a gomin?
 Some planet, py de Lord!
 Too boor to life in heafen,
 Coom down on eart to poard;
 Und pelow it schwing tree engels—
 Two he-vons mit a wench.
 Boot, mein Gott! vot sort of engels
 Can dose pe, dalkin Fræntsch!

“ I hafe read in Eckhartshausen
 Dat oop in heafen—py tam!
 De engels dalk in Sherman,
 Und sing Mardin Luther's psalm.
 O nein—es sind kein engeln
 Vot sail so smoo-fly on,

Das sind verfluchte Franzosen
 In einem luft-ballon ! ” *

Hei ! how der Breitmann streak it
 Ven vonce he kess de trut' !
 He spurred id like de wild fire
 Of hope in early yout'.
 Troo de weingarts like der teufel
 When he shase a lawyer's soul ;
 Down der moundain mit his lanze
 Und his wafin banderol.

Down de moundain, o'er de valley,
 Troo de village he ish gone ;

* “ O no, those are no angels
 Which sail so smoothly on.
 O no—they're curséd Frenchmen,
 All in an air-balloon.”

Dog-barks die out pehind him,
 Oders bark ash he come on.
 Liddle heedet he deir bellin,
 Liddle mind der Hahnen crow ;
 Liddle hear der Bauern yellin,
 Clotter, clodder, on he go.

“ Oh, vot ish hoontin foxen,
 Und vot ish yäger pliss,
 Und vot ish shasin bison
 On de blains, to soosh ash dis ?
 I hafe dinked dat roonin rebels
 Vas de pest of earthly fun ;
 Boot id isn't half so sholly
 Ash to go a luft-ballon.”

Und ash id shdill vent onwart,
 Shdill onwarts mit der wind,

Der coom a real madness
 To catch id, o'er his mind.
 Und had'st dou seen him vlyin,
 Dat wild onfuriate brick,
 Dou'st hafe schworn dat Coptain Breitmann
 Was pecome balloonatic.

In fain dey trow deir sand-bags,
 In fain all dings let fall,
 De ballon shdill kep a sinkin,
 Und id vouldn't rise at all.
 Yet de wild wind trife id onwärts,
 Onwärts shdill der Breitmann go,
 Dill he cotch id py a rope-ent
 Vot vas hangin town pelow.

Boot vhen it risen oopwärts,
 Ash he gling to id, of corse.

Mit der lefter hand he holtet
 To de pridle of his horse.
 Der horse valk on his hind-legs :
 Too schwer to rise vas he ;
 Mein Gott ! vot fix for Breitmann
 Of de Uhlan cavallrie !

So he go for seferal stunden
 Petween himmel und eart pelow,
 Boot der teufel und die engels
 Couldn't make der Hans let go.
 Dill all at vonce an idée
 Coom from his loocky shtar—
 He led co his horse's pridle
 Und glimb oop indo de car.

Und vot you dinks he foundet
 When in dat air-ballon ?

A nople Englisch vicomte,
 Milord de Robinson ;
 Und mit him vas a laity,
 Mit whom he 'd rooned afay,
 Whom he indroduce to Breitmann
 Ash die Jungfer Salomé.

Und der dritte was a barson,
 Whom Milord, mit prudent view,
 Hat took als secretaire,
 Likewise for pallast doo.
 Dey should hafe bitched him ofer
 Vhen de gas was out, dey say ;
 Boot de damé vould not 'low it :—
 She 'd an arrière pensée.

Sait Milord : “ Afar we've wandered,
 We are done completely brown ;

And I'll give a thousand shiners
 If you 'll take me to a town
 Where no one will molest us
 Till we find our way to Lon——.”
 Here der Breitmann ent de sentence
 Ash he gry out, shortly, “*done.*”

“And as for this fair lady
 To whom I would be bound,”
 Said Milord, “we 'll have a wedding
 Before we reach the ground.
 To escape her father's anger
 We fled to live in peace,
 But she 's relatives in London,
 And *they* have—the police.”

O vas not dis a voonders
 To make de Captain shdare?—

A tausend pounds in bocket
 Und a veddin in de air ?
 He gafe away de laity,
 Und als sie wieder kam
 Zur festen Erde wieder,
 Ward sie Robinson Madame.*

“ O go mit me,” said Breitmann,
 “ O go in mein Quartier !
 Don’t mind dem gommon soldiers,
 For I ’m an officier.”
 He guide dem troo de coountry
 Till dey reach de ocean strand ;
 Now dey sit und pless Hans Breitmann
 In de far-off English land.

* And when she came adown
 Unto the earth’s firm surface,
 She was Mrs Robinson.

Dis ish Breitmann's last adfenture

How troo Himmel air flew he :

Und it's dime, oh nople reader !

For a dime to part from dee.

Dou may'st dake it all in earnest

Or pelieve id's only fon ;

Boot dere's woonder dings has hoppent

Fery oft in Luft-ballon.

III.

BREITMANN AND BOUILLI.

“Très estimé ami,—Ick seyn nock nit verdorb,
Vielleickt Sie denck wohl kar, das ick sey tod gestorb,
Ock ne Kott loben Danck, ick leb nock kanss wohl auf.

Naturlich wie Kesperst die off die Kasse keh.”

—*Deutsch-Franzos, Leipzig, 1736.*



DUT roombles down de Bergstrass?

Vot a grash ish in de air!

Mit a desberate gonfusion,

Und a gry of wild tespair

Das sind gethräsht Franzosen,*
 Und dose who after flee
 Are de terror of Champagner,
 Die Uhlan cavallrie.

So liddle say die hoonted,
 De hoonters lesser shdill ;
 Der Frank is ride for 's leben,
 Der Deutscher rides to kill.
 Ofer dickly-doosty faces
 Deir eyes like wild-katzs glare ;
 De blut und iron ridin
 Of furie und despair.

Boot of all de wild Uhlanan,
 Der Breitmann ride de pest ;

* Those are thrashed Frenchmen.

For he mark de Fräntsch gommanter

Ish most elegandtly tresst.

Und ash he coom down on him,

Dere's a deat' look in his eye :

“Gotts ! if I carfe dat toorkey,

How I'll make de stoofin vly!”

Mit a clotter und a flotter,

Like a hell-sturm dey are on ;

Mit a rottle to de pattle

Coom de Deutschers, knockin' down,

Down de moundain to a brucké—

Vhy die Fräntschmen toorn ad bay?

Oder Deutsch were dere pefore dem.

Und die pridge ish coot away!

Von second der Franzose

Look down mit blitzen eye ;

Von second at de brucké,
 Den toorn him round to die.
 While mit out-ge-poke-te lanze,
 Like ter teufel shot from hell,
 Rode der ploonder-shtarvin Breitmann
 On der grau-bart Colonel.

Vot for der Captain Breitmann
 Ish shdop in his career?
 Vot for he pool his pridle?
 Vot for let down his speer?
 Vot for his eyes like saucers
 Grow pigger, rimmed mit staub?
 Vot for his hair, a pristlin,
 Lift oop his pickel-haub? *

* Der Uhlán was noa shenerally wear pickelhäube, but dis
 tayder Herr Breitmann gshappenet to hafe von on.—FRITZ
 SCHWACKENHAMMER.

So awfool—so oneart'ly,

So treadful was his glare,

So unbeschreiblich gastly,

Dat der Colonel self was shkare.

Oop come der Breitmann ridin,

Und mit gratin foice he said :

“ Bist—du—wirkelich—lebendig ? *

Can de grafe gife oop its tead ?

“ Dou livest yet—dou breaf'st yet,

Dough oldter now you pe

Since I mordered you in Strasburg,

Mein freund—mon Jean Bouilli.

We lofed de selfe maiden

Wohl forty years agone :—

She died to hear I kilt you :—

Jean—how weiss your beard ish grown !

* “ And art thou truly living ? ”

“ I would gife my Hab’ und Güter,*
 Dereto mein bit of life,
 Couldt I pring dat shild to leben,
 Und make her, Jean, dy wife ! ”
 Here der Breitmann boorst out gryin,
 Like a liddle prook vept he ;
 Und dey hugged and gissed einander,
 Der Breitmann und Bouilli.

“ Ach, de efls dat from efl
 Troo a life ish efer grow !
 Had I nefer dink I killed you,
 Many a man were livin now—
 Many a man dat shleeps in canebrakes,
 Many a man py pillow-shore ;
 For dy morder mate me reckelos,
 Und *von* tead man gries for more !

* “ All my property.”

“ O Mädchen ! schön im Himmel ! *

(Warst schon on eart' difine)—

Can'st dink among de Engeln

Of soosh as me und mine ?

Den look on soosh a Reue,

Ash eart' has nefer known :—

Wheretō hast dou a sabre ?

Wherefore not kill me, Jean ? ”

“ O, ne pleurez pas, mon Breitmann !

Je trouve cela trop fort,”

Gry der Colonel sehr politely ;

“ *How !*—you crois dat I was *mort !*

Mon Dieu ! ’Tis but one minute,

As we galloped to this plain,

I thought your spear, mon gaillard,

Would kill me o’er again.

* “ O maiden fair in Heaven ! ”

“ Je vous fais mon compliment,
 Your tendresse becomes you well ;
 Et ne pleurez pas, mon brave,
 Pour la petite demoiselle.
 I have had a thousand since ;
 One can always find such game :
 Et pour dire la vérité,
 I have quite forgot her name.”

Der Breitmann look so earnest,
 Long and earnest at his foe,
 Ash if seein troo his augen
 To de forty years ago.
 Mit *rot* a shmile der Breitmann
 Toorned roundt und rode away :
 Dat was all his parting greetin
 To der Cólónél Français.

IV.

BREITMANN TAKES THE TOWN OF NANCY.



HEAR a wondrous shdory
Vot soundet like romance,
How Breitmann mit four Uhlans
Vas dake de town of Nantz.
De Fräntschmen call it Nancy,*
Und dey say its fery hard
Dat Nancy mit her soldiers
Vas getook py gorpral's guard.

* Nancy, the "light of love" of Lorraine.—*London Times*, Dec. 6, 1870.

Dey dink id vas King Wilhelm
 Ash Hans ride in de down,
 Und like Odin in his glorie
 Gazed derriply aroun'.
 Denn mit awfool condesenchen
 He at de Fräntschmen shtare,
 Und say, " Ye wretsched shildren !
Abbezortez mir vodore mère !"

Hans mean de city Syndic,
 Vhom *maire* de Fräntschmen call ;
 So mit a tousand soldiers
 Dey 'scort him to de Hall :
 In de shair of shtade dey sot him,
 Der maire coom to pe heard,
 Und Hans glare at him fife minutes
 Pefore he shbeak a word.

Den in iron dones he ootered :
 “Ich temand que rentez fous :
 Shai dreisig mille soldaten
 Bas loin l'ici, barploo !
 Aber tonnez-moi Champagner ;
 Shai an soif exdrortinaire—
 Apout one douzaine cart-loads ;
 Und dann je fous laisse faire.” *

Denn he say to Schwackenhammer,
 His segretaire—“ Read
 A liddle exdra listé
 Of dings de army need,

* “ I require you to surrender :
 I have thirty thousand men
 Not far from here, parbleu !
 But give me first champagne ;
 I 've a wondrous thirst, you know—
 About a dozen cart-loads ;
 And then I 'll let you go.”

Und dell dem in Französisch
 Dey moost shell de neetfool down
 In less dan dwendy minudes,
 Or, py Gott, I 'll purn de town."

"*Item*—one tousand vatches
 Of purest gold so fair ;
 Dazu fünf tousand silbern,
 For de gommon soldiers' wear ;
 Und tree dousand diamant ringé
 Dey moost make tirectly come,
 We need dem for our schweethearts
 Ven we write to em at home !

" Von million cigarren
 Ve'll accept ash extra boons
 For not squeezin dem seferely,
 Dazu dwelf tousand shboous."

Here der maire fell down in schwoonin,
 Denn all dat he could say
 Vas, " O mon dieu, de dieu, dieu !
 Nous voilà ruinées ! " *

No wort der Breitmann ootered,
 He only make a sgratch,
 Calm and silend, on de duple,
 Mit a liddle friction match.
 De maire versteh de motion
 So went him to de task
 Of raisin mong de peoples
 Vot it vas der Breitmann ask.

So kam he mit de ringé,
 Dey vind dem pooty soon :

* " O Lord, Lord, Lord !
 We are ruined ! "

So kam he mit de vatches,
 Und avery silber spoon.
 Boot ash for de champagner,
 He wept and loudly call
 Dat *par dieu!* he hadn't any
 For de Deutsch hafe troonk it all.

Ja !—de gorporal's guart have trinket
 Efery pottle in de down,
 While dese negotiations
 Oop-stairs vere written down.
 Boot der Breitmann sooplimely,
 Like von who nodings felt,
 Said, " Instet of le champagner
 Nous brentirons du gelt.*

* " We will take the ready *gelt*."

Ja wohl ! Donnes cent mille franken,
 C'est mir égal, you know ; *
 Pid dem pring id in a horry,
 For 'tis dime for oos to go."
 Der maire he pring de money,
 Und der Breitmann squeeze his hand,—
 "Leb wohl, dou nople brickbat,
 Herzbruder in Frankenland !

" Boot it griefes my soul to larmen,
 Und I syptatize mit dein,
 To *fense* of you, mon ami,
 Sans le champagner wein.
 Dere will oder Deutsch pe gomin,
 Und it preak mine heart to dink

* " Yes, give a hundred thousand francs,
 'Tis all one to me, you know."

De vay dey 'll bang and slang you
If dere 's no champagne to trink !


“ Cela fous fera miséré
Que she nè feux bas see ;
So, vollow mes gonseillés,
Et brenez mon afis.
Shai, moi, deux mille bouteilles,
De meilleur dat man can ashk,*
Vich I will gladly sell—
Sheap as dirt—ten franks a flask.”

De maire look oop to heafen,
Wohl nodings could he say,

* “ Ah, that will make you trouble,
Which I would not gladly see ;
So, follow all my counsels,
And take advice from me.
I have two thousand bottles,
The best——”

While oud indo de mitnight
Der Breitmann rode afay.
Away—atown de falley,
Till noding more abbears
Boot de glitter of de moonlight,
De moonlight on deir spears.

BREITMANN IN BIVOUAC.

E sits in bivouacke,
By fire, peneat' de drees ;
A pottle of champagner
Held shently on his knees ;
His lange Uhlan lanze
Stuck py him in de sand ;
Vhile a goot peas-poodin' sausage
Adorn his oder hand.

Und jungere Uhlanen
Sit round mit oben mout'

To hear der Breitmann's shdories
 Of fitin in de Sout'.
 Und he gife dem moral lessons,
 How pefore de battle pops :
 " Take a liddle brayer to Himmel,
 Und a goot long trink of schnapps."

Denn his leutenant bemarket :
 " How voonder shdrange it peen
 Dat so very many wild pigs
 Ish dis year in de Ardennes.
 Ash I scout dere—donner'r 'wetter !—
 I sah dem coom heraus,
 Shoost here und dere an Eber
 Mit a hoondert tousand sows.

" Shoost dink of all dese she-picks
 Vor flet to neutral land !"

Said Breitmann : “ Fery easy
 Ish dis to oonderstand :
 Dese schwein-picks mit de sauen
 Vot you saw a-roonin rond,
 Ish a crate medempsygosis
 Of the Fräntsché demi-monde.

“ I hafe readet in de Bible
 How soosh a coterie
 Vas ge-toornet indo swine-picks,
 Und roon down indo de see ;
 Boot since de see aint handy,
 Or de picks vere all too dumm,
 Dey hafe coot agross de porder
 Und vly to Belgium.”

Now ash dey boorst oud laughin,
 Und got more liquor out,

Dey hearden from de sendry
 A shot und denn a shout.
 Und Breitmann crasp his sabre
 Quick ash de bullet hiss,
 Und leapin out, demantet,
 “Herr’r’r Gott! vat row ish dis?”

Und bold der Schwabian answert :
 “Dis minute on de ground
 Dere comed a Fräntschman greepin.
 On all-fours a-prowlin round.
 I ask him vat he wanted :
Werda! I gry; boot he
 Say nodings to my shallenge,
 Und only answer ‘*Oui.*’

“So I shoot him like der teufels,
 Und I rader dink our friend,

Dis sneakin Frank-tiroir,

Ish a-drawin to his end."

So dey hoonted in de pushes,

Und in avery gorner dig,

Boot, mein Gott ! how dey vas laughin,

Ven dey found a—mordered pig.

Next week dey hear from Paris,

Und reat in de *Gaulois*

Of de most adrocious action

De vorlt vas efer saw.

How de Uhlan cannibalen,

Dis vile und awful prood,

Hafe killt a nople Fräntschan,

Und cut him oop for food.

"Ja—shop him indo sausage,

Und coot him indo ham ;

Und schwear dey 'll serfe all oders

Exacdly so—py tam !

Sons of France, awake to glory,

Let your anciend valor shine !

Und shweep dis Prussian vermin

Het und dails indo de Rhine !”

VI.

BREITMANN'S LAST PARTY.

For fear of some missed onder standings, I vould shtate, dat dis is only mean de last Barty dat der Herr Coptain Breitmann has ge given—as *yed*. Pimepy I kess he gife anoder von, und if I kits an in-leading, or indro-tuckshun, I kess I'll go. I am von of de vellers dat vas ad de virst Barty, vhere mine swister-in-law de Madilda Yane vas tantz mit Herr Breitmann.

FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER,

Olim Studiosus Theologiæ, now Uhlan free-lancer,
und Segretarius of Coptain Breitmann.



OT gollops at mitnight,

Mit *h'roolah* and yell,

Like der teufel's wild yäger

Boorst loose out of hell?

Vot cleams in the sonrise
 Bright vlashin in gold?
 Das sind die Uhlancers
 Of Breitmann der bold.

Dey frighten de coountry,
 Dey ploonder de town ;
 And when dey are oop
 Die Franzosen co down :
 For pefore de wild Norsemen
 De Southron must flee ;
 Ab ira Normannorum
 Libera nos Domine ! *

How dey sweep de chateaux !
 How dey grab oop de hens !
 Und gobble de toorkeys
 Shoot oop in de pens !

* From the wrath of the Northmen, deliver us, Lord !

Like de Angel of Deat'
 Dey are ragin abroad :
 You may track dem py fedders
 Knee-deep in de road.

O der Breitmann ish on,
 Und der Breitmann is on,
 Und mit him de Uhlans
 Are ploonderin gone.
 De demon of fengeance
 His wings o'er em vave,
 Mit deir fingers like hooks,
 Und mit maws like de grafe.

Dey coom to a castel,
 So shplendid, of bricks ;
 Franzosen defend it,
 Das help em gar nichts.

For de Uhlans hafe take it,
 Dey smash in de gate,
 Und inshpired by Gott's fury,
 Dey shdole all de plate.

From shamber to shamber
 Dey fighted deir way,
 Till dead in de hall
 De Franzosen all lay ;
 Und dere shtood a mädchen,
 So lieblich und hold,
 Who laugh at de dead
 Troo her ringlocks of gold.

Denn der Breitmann, all plooty,
 To 'm mädel so lind,
 Spoke courtly und tender :
 “ Vy laughst dou, mein kind ? ”

Denn de plue-eyed young peaudy,
 Mit lippe so red,
 Said, “ Vy *not* shall I laughen?
 Vhen Frenchmen are dead.

“ I coom here from Deutschland,
 De shildren to teach ;
 Dey mock me for Deutsch,
 Und dey sneer at mine sbeech ;
 Und since de war komm,
 I vas nearly gone mad,
 You wouldn’t peliefe
 How dey dreet me so pad.”

Mit a tear Breitmann bend,
 To de peaudifool miss ;
 “ Crate Gott ! cans’t dou suffer
 Soosh horrors ash dis ? ”

His arm round de maiden
 Der hero has bound,
 Und it shtaid dere goot vhole,
 Fore dey got it unwound.

“ Ho ! fetch me de diamonds !
 Ho ! shell out de rings !
 Mit all in de castle
 Of dat sort of dings.”
 ’Twas brought to de Captain—
 A donderin load :
 At de veet of de mädchen
 Dat ploonder he trowed.

“ Ho ! pring oos champagner !
 Und light oop de hall !
 Dis night der Herr Breitmann
 Will gife you a ball.

Dat pile of dead vellers,
 Vot died for La France,
 May see, if dey like,
 How de Shermans can tance."

Dey find laties' garments,
 Und—troot to confess—
 Likewise som Frantsch maidens,
 Who help dem to tress
 De rest of de Uhlans
 Who hadn't soosh loves,
 Fixed oop in black clothes
 Mit white chokers und gloves.

Now hei ! for de fittles !
 Und hei ! for clavier !
 For de tantz of de Uhlans—
 De men of de spear !

How de shendlemen ashk
 If dey 'd blease introduce ;
 How de ladies mit beards
 Were called Espionnes Prusses !

Hei, ho ! how dey tanzét !
 Hei, ho ! how dey sang !
 How mit klingen of glasses
 De braun arches rang.
 How dey trill from deir hearts
 Ash dey pour out der wein,
 De songs of de Oberland,—
 Songs of der Rhein.

Und madder und wilder,
 All whirlin around,
 Vent Hans mit de maiden
 In Bacchanal bound.

She helt to his peard,
 Und dey gissed as if mad ;
 I tont dink dat efer
 Vas dimes like dey had.

Boot calm in de hall,
 Ever calm on de floor,
 Was a row of still guests
 Dat wouldt tantz nefermore.
 Mit plood shtreams black winding,
 Der lord mit his men,
 When der Youngest Day cooms
 Hans may meet dem acain.

Hoorah for der Uhlan,
 So rash und so wild !
 Hoorah for der Uhlan,
 Der teufel's own child !—

Dis ish "Breitmann's Last Barty,"

Dey 'll sing it for years ;

De lords of de lanzes,

De sons of de speers.

For dey frighten de coountry,

Dey ploonder de town ;

Und when dey are oop

De Franzosen go down ;

For pefore de wild Norsemen

Weak Southrons moost flee,

Ab ira Normannorum

Libera nos Domine !

GLOSSARY.

Abbordez moi votre mère, (German-French)—Bring me your mayor.

Arrière pensée, (Fr.)—A reserved thought or intention.

Augen, (Ger.)—Eyes.

Bauern, (Ger.)—Peasants.

Bellin, (Ger. *Bellen*)—To bark.

Bemarket, (Ger.-Eng.)—Remarked.

Brücke, (Ger.)—Bridge.

Clavier, (Ger.)—Piano.

Eber, (Ger.)—Wild boar.

Eckhartshausen—A German supernaturalist.

Engel, (Ger.)—Angel.

Foxen, (Ger. *Füchsen*)—Foxes.

Frank-tiroir.—Franc-tireur.

Hab' und Güter, (Ger.)—Property.

Herzbruder, (Ger.)—Heart's brother.

Kiün-kiting, (Amer.)—Sailing.

Lanze (Ger.)—Lance.

Larmen—The French word *larmes*, tears, made into a German verb.

Lebendig, (Ger.)—Living.

Lieulich, (Ger.)—Charming.

Luftballon, (Ger.)—Air-balloon.

Madel, (Ger.)—Girl.

Mondenlight—Moonlight.

Out-ge-poke-te—Out-poked.

Pickel-haube, (Ger.)—The spiked helmet worn by Prussia soldiers.

Reue, (Ger.)—Repentance.

Ringe, (Ger.)—Rings.

Schwer, (Ger.)—Heavy.

Selb, (Ger. *Selbe*)—Same.

Stunden, (Ger.)—Leagues. About $4\frac{1}{2}$ English miles.

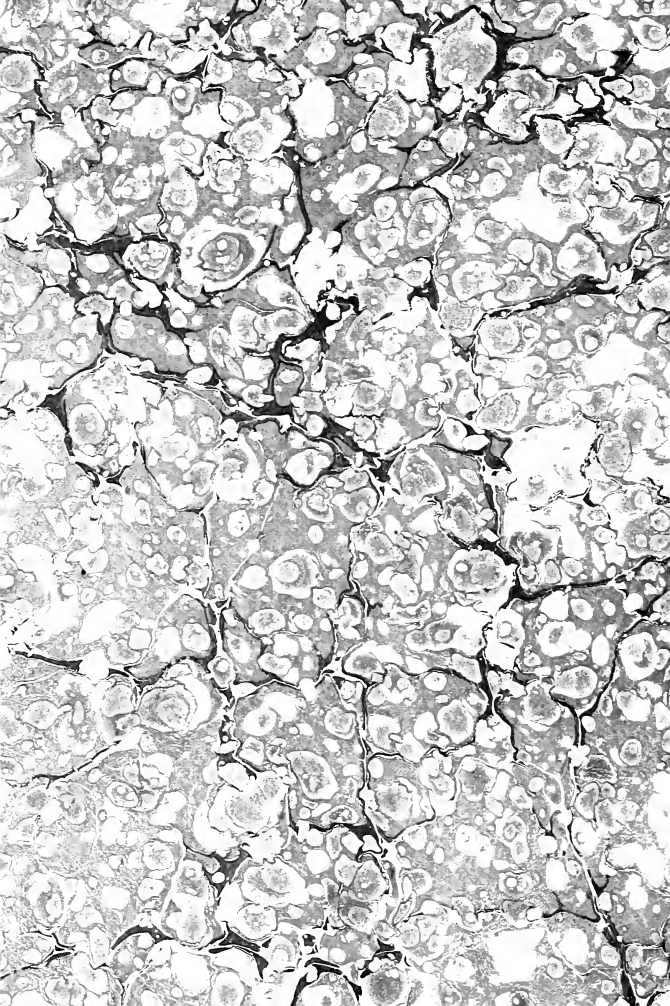
Werda? (Ger.)—Who's there?

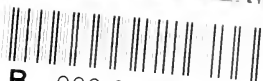
Yager, (Jager, Ger.)—Hunter.

Yar, (Ger. *Jahr*)—Year.

Uhu, (Ger.)—Owl.

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